'JUNIUS' REVEALED

BY HIS SURVIVING GRANDSON

H. R. FRANCIS

'circumfusa repente
Scindit se nubes, et in æthera purgat apertum'

98503

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PREFACE

THE earlier pages of the work now given to the public explain the singular circumstances which required yet delayed its appearance, and might thus be regarded as forming in themselves a sufficient preface.

But an omission lies at the threshold of my subject, which I am the more anxious to supply as it concerns the very name of 'Junius.' I did not recall till too late for convenient insertion in the text the following letter which appeared in the 'Times' at the end of May 1893. I reprint it now with sincere thanks to the ingenious writer, whose conjecture I fully believe to be correct. Francis's known interest in Dutch history, as well as in the doings of the Inquisition which he hated so profoundly, renders it specially probable that he had heard of and admired the rare display of courage since recorded of Francis Junius by the great American historian.

THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS.

To the Editor of the TIMES.

Sir,—I am not aware whether it has been noticed that in the 16th century there lived in the Netherlands a powerful writer and preacher named 'Francis' Junius, who was secretly employed by Louis of Nassau to draw up a protest against the tyranny of the Inquisition. 'The man's courage,' wrote Motley, 'may be estimated from the fact that he preached on one occasion a sermon advocating the doctrines of the Reformed Church with his usual eloquence in a room overlooking the market-place, where at the very instant the execution by fire of several heretics was taking place, while the light of the flames in which the brethren of their faith were burning was flickering through the glass windows of the conventicle.'

Our Junius was certainly more careful of consequences; but he evidently possessed some of the characteristics of his namesake. Is this a curious coincidence, or have we here a clue to the origin of a famous *nom de plume*, and a corroboration of the suspected identity of its employer?

I am, Sir, yours &c.,

G. S. CLARKE.

24, Cheniston Gardens, Kensington, W., May 30.

But if the origin of the name may still be held doubtful, the 'Letters of Junius' have long taken rank as an English classic, and it is time that the writer should, in Ossianic phrase, 'receive his fame.' There is satisfaction in the thought that, after many delays and many failures, I have lived to establish

my ancestor's claim to the honour earned by his work; to focus, as it were, distinctly the scattered lights already thrown on it by ingenious research and logical inference.

It now only remains for me to acknowledge gratefully the assistance rendered me in the preparation of this book by two kind well-wishers to its success. To Lord Carlingford I owe the first suggestion of its present form. Had not protracted illness forced him to suspend literary labour, it would have been honoured by appearing under his auspices among more valuable matter; and I have felt the benefit of his counsel on sundry matters of detail. He will, I trust, believe me deeply sensible of all his kindness.

To the friendly zeal and literary acumen of Mr. Alexander Strahan I am largely indebted for practical advice and encouragement ungrudgingly bestowed. Would that I could better emphasize my thanks!

H. R. FRANCIS.

FACSIMILES

(To be placed at end)

Facsimile of the envelope which enclosed the Bath Verses, and was at once recognised by the younger Woodfall as written in the feigned hand of Junius.

Facsimile of the Bath Verses copied in Tilghman's hand and sent to Miss Giles.

Facsimile of the Bath Verses in Sir Philip Francis' hand, sent by him to Miss Watkins as one of three specimens of his own youthful rhymes.

Facsimile of Proof Sheet of Letters of Junius.

SOME LAST WORDS

ON THE

AUTHORSHIP OF THE JUNIUS LETTERS

THAT Philip Francis was the author of Junius's Letters is very generally admitted among politicians and literary men. If the *dicta* of competent judges well acquainted with the abundant and various evidence tending to prove that authorship could have finally settled the question, it would long since have been at rest. But to propositions not absolutely demonstrated there will always be found some ingenious objectors, who revel in the *certaminis gaudia*, and care less for establishing a conclusion than for showing themselves cunning in controversial fence. There is also a large class of readers who cling to the notion of a mystery, and resent a simple explanation as keenly as Mr. Pruffles's scientific master. And, lastly, there is the great body of uninformed or half-informed persons, who have had but stray glimpses of doubts

once plausibly raised, and accept the 'Stat nominis umbra' as true for all time, because it once seemed appropriate.

And it is certainly a curious fact that the absolute proof of Francis's authorship of the famous Letters —proof which I hope to exhibit in a simple and conclusive form—has by a singular series of mishaps been thus far very imperfectly brought before the public. Some of these mishaps I shall have to notice hereafter. My immediate task is to state as clearly and concisely as possible the grounds on which the proof rests. I drop for the present all allusion to the internal evidence of the authorship, which I mean to summarise briefly further on, and rest my case on two plain propositions, both easily demonstrable, and in their joint effect conclusive.

First: The feigned hand of Junius must have been that of the author of the Letters.

Secondly: That feigned hand was Francis's.

The first of these propositions is not reasonably questionable, and will not, I think, be seriously questioned. The 'feigned hand' is known by the private notes to Woodfall, which as far as we know have survived the MSS. of all the Letters except that to the King, which may *possibly* have been copied by a confidential amanuensis. As regards the 'private notes,' no such possibility has been or can be suggested. They were obviously and unquestionably written by the author of the Letters; now and then under circumstances of haste and pressure, but

always for reasons and purposes specially his own. It would be easy, but superfluous, to multiply examples. Let one suffice—the first note of April 20, 1769, beginning, 'I am preparing a paper.' I need hardly remark that both the elder and younger Woodfall—with the latter of whom I have more than once inspected the 'private notes'—took it for granted that they were penned by Junius himself. The same assumption was made—and made, I believe, without contradiction—by Mr. Taylor, in his forcible though not exhaustive argument on the 'Identity of Junius'; nor is it likely to be disputed now.

My second proposition—that the feigned hand of Junius was Francis's—is not so universally admitted, but is, I venture to assume, equally demonstrable. The following facts are certain. In the year 1771 my grandfather was at Bath with his American friend and kinsman, Tilghman. During their visit, Miss Giles, a young lady remarkably gifted both in mind and person, received a copy of complimentary verses, written in a bold hand closely resembling Francis's, but enclosed in an envelope professedly giving the sender's reason for forwarding the lines to Miss Giles as the person for whom they must have been intended. This envelope is or was extant very recently. A facsimile of it was taken very early—probably in consequence of disclosures made in Mr. Taylor's 'Junius Identified'—a very small number of copies being struck off. Of these copies one was obtained for me from Lady Puller, daughter of Miss Giles (afterwards

Mrs. King), the Belinda of the complimentary verses. The envelope is unquestionably in the feigned hand of Junius. Shortly after it came into my hands, I took it to Mr. Woodfall, known in reference to the Junius question as 'The Younger Woodfall.' He was then at a very advanced age—I think in his eighty-fourth year—but in full mental vigour. I purposely showed it to him without preface or explanation, as a paper I wished him to see. Almost at a glance he exclaimed, 'Good God! why that is the feigned hand of Junius!' and followed up the exclamation with a volley of eager inquiries as to the when, and where, and how the document had come into my possession —inquiries to which I laughingly declined to reply. He was, however, so much agitated and excited by the disclosure that I became seriously alarmed for the effect on his health. It will be observed that I had not at that time my facsimile of the verses to Belinda. I had merely a written copy of them, accompanied by the statement of Lady Puller's belief that they were in my grandfather's ordinary handwriting. This was a mistake, though, as will appear in the sequel, a very natural one—a mistake, I may add, which I could never myself have made, being thoroughly familiar with every phase of his MS. I would have gladly identified the handwriting of the verses for myself, but did not feel justified in trespassing further on Lady Puller's kindness. However, from the circumstances under which the verses were sent, as well as from the style of the verses

themselves, I had no doubt that they were my grandfather's. And though there was doubtless a link wanting in the absolute proof, I thought that the handwriting of the envelope, evidently identical with that of the notes to Woodfall, and employed by the writer for a purpose which Francis was more likely than any other person to have had in view, would be held conclusive by any impartial person. But the 'missing link'—which is now for the first time to be brought before the public—was some years afterwards to be supplied in a very singular though appropriate manner.

Some years later—I think about the year 1852, not long before Lady Francis's death—I was on a visit to her at Conisborough. Let me here say that though there was neither agreement nor confidence between us as to the light in which the authorship of 'Junius' should be viewed, and her independent publication through Mr. Bohn of her own reminiscences had decided me on keeping to myself the knowledge I had acquired on the subject, our social relations were always of the most intimate and friendly character. Indeed, I had a sincere regard for all the members of her family. On the occasion mentioned my visit had proved a very lively one, and I had recorded some of its incidents in a few *vers de société*. They were not bad, and pleased her much. She complimented me on my flow of easy versification, which I really had, and on poetic gifts to which I lay no claim. 'Your grandfather,' she added,

'though very fond of poetry, had himself no poetic turn. He once said to me that he could write verses, as he could do any other work he had a mind to, by rule of thumb, but the gods had not made him poetical.' On this I naturally inquired if she had any of his verses. She answered that once (shortly, I think, before their marriage) she had asked him in a familiar letter whether he had by him any specimens of his youthful poetry. 'In reply,' she added, 'he sent me by post three sets of verses, which I have kept and can show you.' She then at my request produced them, enclosed, unless my memory strangely deceives me, in their original envelope, and all in my grandfather's ordinary handwriting. No. 1 was a commonplace affair enough—a translation which I had already seen among Sir Philip's papers of a Spanish or Portuguese epigram on a lion, whose port was so stately that his very shadow quaked for fear of him. No. 2 when unfolded disclosed the lines to Belinda. Though I had long felt convinced of their authorship, apart from Lady Puller's opinion of the handwriting, which I had then no reason to distrust, I was startled at seeing them thus avowed by the author.

I had now the complete key to the secret of which Junius had boasted himself the sole depositary, and which he may at one time really have meant to 'perish with him.' I now saw it proved beyond rational question that Junius had sent to Miss Giles a copy of his own complimentary verses, and that those verses were written by Francis. My satisfaction

was completed when Lady Francis gave me leave to keep whichever set of verses I preferred, and I at once chose the now well-known lines addressed to Belinda, which are still in my possession. A facsimile of them has been taken since my return from Australia as a safeguard against accidental loss.

That the two documents on which I was then and still am contented to rest my case were intended for early publication will not be doubted. In fact, both the 'envelope' written in the feigned hand of Junius, and the verses in his own hand given long afterwards by my grandfather to Miss Emma Watkins (who subsequently became his wife), were placed by me, I think in 1856, in the hands of Mr. Parkes to form prominent features in the 'Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis' which he was then commencing, and to the completeness of which I was contributing by every means in my power. We had much friendly discussion, both verbal and in writing, as to the place in which these documents should appear in the work then in preparation. I was desirous to make them a sort of frontispiece to the first volume, but Mr. Parkes took a great interest in the political Letters, which he believed, and I think rightly believed, to have been published by Francis before the 'Letters of Junius' appeared, and thought that the interest of these earlier writings would be impaired if the Junius question were settled at the outset. The two documents which I have ventured to cite as conclusive were therefore to be reserved for the second volume

of the Memoir, where they would have duly appeared had Mr. Parkes lived to complete the work which he had begun so ably. I was in Australia at the time of his death, and was not surprised to hear that Mrs. Parkes had placed the portion of the Memoirs already written in the able hands of Mr. Merivale, with all the materials collected, and in some degree arranged for its completion. Nor was I much surprised at hearing nothing from that gentleman, who must naturally have been eager, for Mrs. Parkes's sake as well as his own, to complete his task with as little delay as possible. I was not likely to be able to furnish any valuable addition to the materials which I had placed unreservedly in the hands of my much-regretted friend, nor was a correspondence with a travelling judge at the Antipodes likely to conduce to speed. Moreover, if he wished for any particulars obtainable from a member of the family, he had close at hand my elder sister Elizabeth, who was better acquainted than myself with all the family traditions bearing on the Junius question, and was as willing as she was able to impart information.

She had made valuable contributions to the stock of materials at Mr. Merivale's disposal, and had she been longer spared would have made my present task at once easier and more agreeable. My elder brother, whom I have yet more recently lost, was also at that time accessible, so that on the whole it was not strange that my aid was dispensed with.

But when the completed Memoir appeared, I felt

not merely surprise, but blank amazement, at the non-appearance of the two documents on which I had relied for the final settlement of the Junius question. I have no intention of imputing blame. *Les absents ont toujours tort*, and had I been in England such an oversight would, of course, have been impossible. The fact, however, remains that they were among the papers in Mr. Merivale's hands, which included also sundry letters from myself to Mr. Parkes as to their place in the Memoir, and that fact appears to me now, as it did then, simply bewildering. They were duly returned to Mrs. Parkes after the publication of the Memoir in 1867, among the other materials supplied by myself and other members of the family, and duly restored by her to my sister, from whom I received them back on my return to England in 1873, and I have them still. What makes it yet more unaccountable that they should have passed unnoticed is, that in the second volume of the Memoir (p. 401) Mr. Merivale states (quite correctly as far as I can judge) the recognition by Mrs. King of the identity of the 'feigned hand of Junius' with that used by Philip Francis in addressing some complimentary verses to her. Hence it appears that he had a direct clue to the authorship of the Letters, which he never followed up, even by an accurate examination of documents and correspondence actually in his own hands.

It was a bitter disappointment to me to find that my most important contribution towards a work

which I had at one time hoped to have accomplished myself had been, to all intents and purposes, lost. The Memoir which showed this extraordinary *hiatus* reached me, I may add, at a most unfortunate time, when I had just met with a serious accident—the fracture of my right arm. I think it was while I was thus disabled from correspondence—though I contrived a left-handed signature for judicial purposes—that I heard of the Hon. E. Twisleton's intended publication on the authorship of Junius as evidenced by the handwriting of the verses to Belinda and their envelope. My brother had been as much disappointed as myself by the non-appearance in the Memoir of these evidences, which he knew I had designed for a conspicuous place therein. How far he blamed me for the failure of my purpose I do not know ; but when Mr. Twisleton very courteously applied to him as the head of our family for his consent to his intended publication, he naturally enough at once gave a ready assent, and wrote to inform me that he had done so.

Mr. Twisleton's book, which appeared in 1871, completely changed the aspect of the Junius question, and fell, as I must admit, not greatly short of what I had myself been long before prepared to do. Mr. Taylor, in his 'Junius Identified,' had indeed carried the argument drawn from the handwriting very far, by showing how closely akin to the character of the private notes to Woodfall was the ordinary MS. of Sir Philip Francis. But it was one

thing to prove to skilled penmen that Francis might or could have employed just such a feigned hand, and another to show that he actually did employ it. Now this last is what Mr. Twisleton did, by evidence which ought to convince any logical-minded reader, and which has, I believe, been accepted as satisfactory by most of those who have taken the trouble to study it. Armed with the two Bath documents preserved by Mrs. King, and aided by the ingenious experts, Messrs. Chabot and Netherclift, he not only demonstrated that the complimentary envelope in which the Belinda verses were sent was written in the feigned hand of Junius, but also traced the handwriting of those verses to Francis's clever kinsman, Tilghman, who was aware of his admiration for the young lady to whom they were addressed, and who elsewhere allusively ascribed the verses themselves to Francis. Up to the time of Mr. Twisleton's researches it had been supposed that those verses were written as well as composed by my grandfather; but on comparing the facsimile with some letters supplied by my brother to throw light on Francis's Bath doings, Mr. Chabot made the discovery that they were actually penned by Tilghman. I should myself have recognised Tilghman's hand at once, owing to my familiarity with his lively correspondence, in which I had often observed the many points of resemblance between his writing and my grandfather's, as well as certain characteristic differences in the two styles of penmanship. But, in

copying the verses for transmission to the fair Belinda, Tilghman took pains to disguise these characteristic differences, which renders Mr. Chabot's discovery the more creditable to his skill as a specialist. It hardly lay within his province to detect what is to me perfectly evident—that Tilghman, who generally wrote a rather delicate though regular and well-formed character, on this occasion did his best to assume the bolder and firmer style which marked his friend's handwriting in all its phases. I cannot doubt that in aiding Francis's mystification he tried a little counterplot of his own, and did his best to pen the complimentary verses in such fashion that they should be ascribed—as they actually were—to their real author. This, however, in no wise affects the case so ably made out by the joint labours of the Hon. E. Twisleton and the experts, Messrs. Chabot and Netherclift.

It will naturally be asked why, if the evidence marshalled in Mr. Twisleton's book is as complete as I have stated, that work has not been accepted as conclusive.

On this I would simply observe that the identification of the handwriting used in the envelope addressed to Miss Giles with that of the notes to Woodfall, though absolutely complete, is due to the labour of experts. Now it is certain that, partly from prejudice, and partly also from supposed failures of expert testimony in our law courts, many persons are inclined at the outset to discredit even a master

of his craft like Mr. Chabot. And I believe that the instant recognition of the Junius MS. by the younger Mr. Woodfall would, to most people, be more satisfactory evidence than the result scientifically arrived at by judges of penmanship. Every one understands what it is to be perfectly familiar with a certain handwriting, but a man must know that there is a science of penmanship ere he can be prepared to accept its conclusions. I have actually seen a recent letter in the 'Athenæum,' of which the writer—though by no means an illiterate person—doubted whether the hand used by Junius in his letters to Woodfall was a feigned one; and yet to one who has studied penmanship the means used to form such a hand are perfectly clear. Again, the authorship of the lines to Belinda would be a stumbling-block to any but a careful reader. He might see that they were written for transmission by Mr. Tilghman, and might easily miss or misinterpret the playful allusion in a subsequent letter by that gentleman, in which he gives Francis credit for some poetical gifts on the strength of those very lines. When we find Sir Philip Francis late in life claiming the lines as his own, and sending them to his intended wife as a specimen of his youthful sallies in verse, the evidence, though perhaps not more logically conclusive, becomes clearer because more direct and obvious. For these reasons I have deemed it not superfluous to supplement Mr. Twisleton's argument by others, which I had marshalled and summarised before his work appeared.

I must, however, confess that it has always been a puzzle to me—apart from the evidence of *handwriting* so curiously completed by the Bath MSS.—how the internal evidence furnished by the style, the spelling and punctuation, and, above all, the disclosures of personal associations and personal feelings which mark the Letters, should have failed to convince some persons of high intelligence that no one but Francis could have been the author. If we take the test of spelling only, we are to find a man who was a classical scholar, and yet was capable from early habit of such solecisms as 'compleat' and 'extream,' who wrote shamefu*ll*, wonderfu*ll*, and such words invariably with the double *ll*, and preferred 'ris*que*' and 'pac*quet*' to 'risk' and 'packet'—one who was at once peculiar and particular in his mode of arranging and punctuating dates, while careless or inaccurate in his spelling of proper names; who abridged 'should' into '*sh'd*,' but 'would,' most capriciously, into '*wo'd*.' In all these eccentricities of orthography, and sundry others—for which I refer the reader to Mr. Chabot's Report in the Twisleton volume (pp. 86–89)—Francis and Junius precisely agree. Let anyone acquainted with the 'doctrine of the chances' try to compute the odds against there having been during the short run of the Letters *two* highly-educated persons, both *conceivably* capable of the authorship, who exactly agreed in these various whims and oddities of spelling.

As regards the style of the Letters—and here I

include the private notes to Woodfall, which are more certainly characteristic as they are less laboured —I venture to affirm that Francis's private letters, especially perhaps those from Lisbon, and those addressed to his brother-in-law, Mackrabie, bear distinctly the mark of the same mint. Apart from the studied graces of language, which 'Junius' confesses himself to have attained at the cost of great labour, there are sundry characteristics of the two sets of letters from which it is difficult not to infer the identity of the author. Two or three of these I will briefly point out.

The first of these peculiarities belongs to the temperament of the writers, not to their habits of composition. It consists in an excessive vehemence of language, often so disproportioned to the occasion as to invite the remark that the writer, vigorous as he was in expression, was yet wasteful of his resources, and spoke so strongly of a 'nice offence' that he left himself no reserve of invective 'when capital crimes chewed and digested appeared before him.'

Had this vehemence been exhibited only in public letters, it might have been explicable as designed to inflame public feeling. But if we turn to the private notes to Woodfall, we find it equally conspicuous where the writer was in haste as well as in earnest, and could not have been writing for effect. Take such random specimens as the following:—

'This Scævola is the wretchedest of all fools, and dirty knave.'

'What an abandoned, prostituted idiot is your Lord Mayor!'

'Next to the Duke of Grafton, I verily believe that the blackest heart in the kingdom belongs to Lord B.'

'But it is all vile and contemptible.'

'That Swinney is a wretched but dangerous fool.'

Compare with the above the following expressions, mostly used, it is true, 'in dissimili materiâ,' but exhibiting the same unmeasured violence of phrase. After noting some improvements at Margate, in a letter to his brother-in-law, Mackrabie, Francis adds this qualifying remark: 'Yet after all I doubt whether there be a more detestable spot in any part of the habitable globe.' Of Bath, on the other hand, he says with equal vehemence: 'Curse the place! I shall never relish anything again. It is Elysium.' He praises as well as censures in superlatives. 'Your nephew is the finest creature that does honour to the earth.' In fact, when he is not on his good behaviour, excessive strength of language is with him the rule, not the exception. 'I slave myself to death.' 'I am, sincerely speaking, hurried to death.' 'I can hardly see, breathe, or speak.' 'If you have not . . . you deserve to be hanged.' 'I wish that the person who stole my cat were in the hottest corner the Devil could find him.' But it is really superfluous to multiply examples of a failing traceable throughout

his writings, though more conspicuous in his early letters than in those written after bitter experience had taught him caution. The use of strong adjurations about trifling matters may be briefly noticed as a special phase of this failing, *e.g.* we have Junius imploring Woodfall 'for God's sake' to read *maternal* instead of *material*; and Francis imploring his brother-in-law 'for God's sake' to pardon his not writing more. Junius again writes (No. 22), 'for God's sake let it appear to-morrow.'

The second of these characteristic peculiarities common to the Letters of Junius and of Francis is what I must term a self-complacent claim to wide observation and sound judgment of men and manners. This claim is advanced in so imposing a form, and is often coupled with moral *dicta* of such weight, that the reader instinctively feels that it must be urged on substantial grounds; that the writer in each case must have been a man of large and varied experience which he had not unprofitably digested. Instances of this in the *public* Letters of Junius will occur to every reader, but lose much of their argumentative value when met by the remark that the writer was playing a part in which his objects required that he should pose with dignity. But the marks of this peculiarity in the private notes to Woodfall have a genuine ring about them. A good example may be found in the letter of Thursday, March 5, 1772, especially in the closing sentence of paragraph two, urging the acquisition of a solid, however moderate,

independence, for 'without it no man can be happy or even honest.' Or take again the forcible paragraph in that of November 27, 1771, which concludes, 'After long experience of the world, I affirm, before God, I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.' It is superfluous to multiply examples, as in the discussion of the Junius question this tone of conscious worldly wisdom in the author has been repeatedly made the groundwork of arguments as to his probable character, years, and position. A similar tone is strikingly observable in letters written by Francis (about the time of the Junius Letters) to his friend and connection Mackrabie, in which he shows unreservedly both his strong and his weak points.

'I am not very lavish in praising people without good grounds.'

'I am in no way given either to ceremony or idle apprehensions.'

'I insist upon it than you neither make yourself a party man nor a politician.'

'I do not think that, as to the choice of friends or companions, it is an easy matter either to please my fancy or to satisfy my judgment.'

Yet a more marked trait in Francis's self-appreciation was his claim—by no means baseless, and recognised by many of his ablest contemporaries—to write English of exceptional clearness and purity. He certainly had the gift—more valued then than in these days, when vague suggestion and studied ambiguity gain credit for the hidden wisdom of states-

manship—of making his meaning clear in few and forcible words. He avoided long sentences, not because he could not write them, but because he thought they diluted the strength of his expression, and if he used a figure used it in the tersest form. He was in truth a great master of lucid and nervous English. But perhaps, had he had an 'academical education' such as Junius sneers at, he would have been more modest in advancing his claims to absolute pre-eminence on this ground, and assuming the right to pronounce as it were *ex cathedrâ*. He was probably half in jest and bent on amusing himself by astonishing his hearers when he said, late in life, that he was 'the only man who could write "English"'; adding defiantly, 'this is not vanity, but the *fact*.'[1] But it is startling to find him asking Burke, 'Why he will not write English?' and to read in one of his notes on Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets'—now before me—'This ponderous grammarian cannot write English.' Something of the same tendency to authoritative criticism seems traceable in the private letter to Woodfall, No. V., where Junius states his conviction that Woodfall is 'a much better writer' than most of the people whose works he publishes.

From these peculiarities, which may broadly be said to belong to character and temperament, the transition is but slight to those which indicate edu-

[1] The remark may seem a trifling one, but I have been struck by the extraordinary fondness for this little word shown by both Junius and Francis, *passim*. It is the key-note to 'Philo-Junius'; the constant burden of the news conveyed in Francis's letters.

cation and acquirements. In these, the Letters of Junius and those of Francis show a resemblance which, even if it stood alone, it would be difficult to regard as accidental. In the first place, the evidences of classical scholarship in both are very striking. Junius's suggestion to Woodfall of 'any absurd Latin verse' as a signal *might* occur to a man whose knowledge of Latin was merely superficial; but the quotations which he himself actually uses are not commonplace, and show a singular aptness. For instance, the '*Quod si quis existimet*,' &c., harmonises admirably with Junius's constant professions of 'meaning the cause and the public,' and 'continuing to labour in the vineyard' should occasion offer. The '*Speciosa* quæro Pascere tigres' not only is apt and humorous, but would hardly occur to anyone not familiar with Horace. Again, Junius's defence of the application of the word *simplex* to the character of Woodfall, whom he thoroughly respected, is a scholarly as well as friendly piece of criticism, reminding one of Thucydides's fine comment on the analogous Greek word.

But I believe no competent critic is likely to deny that Junius must have been an accomplished classical scholar, according to the standard of that day. Still less will it be questioned that Francis was so. His Pauline medal still attests the distinguished position he held in his schooldays; and though he did not subsequently pursue his studies at the University, it should be remembered that he possessed the advantage, great, certainly, in a literary point of view, of

continuing his classical reading under the care of a studious and most affectionate father. Dr. Francis held a recognised position as a scholar, and his translations of Horace and Demosthenes still show the sound basis on which that position rested.

There can, I think, be little doubt that young Francis profited considerably by his father's classical teaching. That his own knowledge of the classics was accurate and extensive is certain, and had it not been early attained, he could hardly have been appointed at the age of twenty-one to the post of 'Latin Secretary,' in which he attracted the favourable notice of Lord Chatham. Throughout his life he delighted in reading the standard authors, both Greek and Latin, and his 'strong memory' enabled him to use their works to good purpose, both in quotations and criticism. I would quote, as an example of the two combined, one of his MS. notes on 'The Lives of the Poets.' In commenting on the controversy between Milton and Salmasius, Dr. Johnson had made the mistake, not unnatural in a thorough-paced grammarian, of treating the phrase used by Milton, 'Propino te grammatistis tuis *vapulandum*,' as a solecism, on the ground that *vapulandum* was an impossible formation from the neuter-passive *vapulare*. Francis at once floors the Doctor, with whom, by-the-by, he seems to have a standing quarrel, by citing Terence for the identical use of the word. Indeed, that he was recognised by his literary contemporaries as an authority on classical questions will hardly be disputed

even now, when the memory of his strongly-marked personality is waxing faint. This recognition is traceable in the genial pleasantry with which his friend and adviser, Lord Holland, chuckles over his *lapsus* in making Homer responsible for the story of Achilles thrice dragging Hector's body round the walls of Troy; 'a mistake,' he adds—I quote from memory—'made by two great men, Virgil and Francis.' An error so trifling and so easily explained—for in Homer's narrative Hector does thrice compass the walls of Ilium, though before, not after his death, and his body is dragged behind the victor's chariot—would not have been worth notice in anyone whose scholarship was not acknowledged.

We have, then, in Junius, as in Francis, an example of a writer who, without academic training, was undeniably 'a scholar, and a ripe good one.' Nor do their letters correspond less closely in the hints they give of a thorough knowledge of the French language. Junius was fond of airing his French. This quotation from Corneille in Letter X. (to Mr. Weston),

> ton impudence,
> Téméraire vieillard, aura sa récompense,

though forcible enough, seems for instance almost out of place, or, at least, inserted rather to suit the taste and habit of the writer than for any special harmony with the style or subject of the letter. But Junius's note to Letter XLII., which is a slashing exposure of Lord Rochford's bad French, carries us

a step further. He is not content with noting 'seven false concords in three lines,' but shows his own intimate acquaintance with the forms of diplomatic French, in contrast with the ignorance of the 'master of the ceremonies' whom he is quizzing. The bitter jest in Letter XIV. on a possible mistake between *Madame ma femme* and *Madame ma cousine* would not be worth noticing did it not indicate a proneness to the use of French without any special occasion.

Now, Francis is known to have been a finished French scholar, and not only so, but to have attached special importance to a knowledge of the French language. He entrusted the early education of his only son to a French teacher, Monsieur Ribouville, and I may be allowed to add that the excellence of my father's French was remarkable enough to amount to a social distinction, while those of my aunts whom I can remember spoke the language not only fluently and elegantly but, as a Frenchman would say, *sans accent.* But Francis's success in cultivating this accomplishment in his own family is not exactly my point. Purist as he was in English he might perhaps have been expected rather to avoid the use of French in his letters without some special necessity. Such, however, was not his practice. Even in his familiar letters to his brother-in-law he frequently 'airs his French,' if not *mal à propos*, yet at least *à propos* of nothing in particular, and in trifling scraps which indicate a trick of habit rather than deliberate purpose. 'Yours véritablement,' 'Jusqu'au revoir,'

'Monsieur mon frère,' 'Me voici un homme comme un tigre,' and the like, merely show that he was so familiar with the French language that he could not always keep clear of it. This may not be an uncommon case, though in my general reading I have not observed that those writers who use French phrases oftenest understand the language best. But when the question arises of that rare accomplishment, a knowledge of diplomatic French, we are at once reminded that Francis had acquired it at an early age when employed as secretary to Lord Kinnoul at Lisbon.

Surely any mathematician who notices this multiplication of corresponding traits in Junius and Francis—the correspondence now being traced in their literary training as well as in the peculiar temperament and self-estimate shown by their writings—will recognise the overwhelming probabilities of their identity.

I might carry the literary argument further into detail, and observe on the mass of evidence which shows Francis to have been, like Junius, a zealous student and admirer of the British Constitution. Or I might ask how many men are likely to have been then living in England, not lawyers by profession, yet, like Junius, well read in English law and capable of arguing legal questions clearly and forcibly. Surely the number must have been very small; yet the course of Francis's studies in the laws of his country plainly shows him to have been from his youth one

of that singular few. This appears not only from the list of legal works which, at the age of twenty-one, he had already read and commented on, but also from the frequent references to legal topics and arguments contained in his letters. His comparison[1] of the arguments of Lord Mansfield and Lord Camden as to the *right* of the British Legislature to tax British Colonies may be cited as a case in point. The last paragraph of this letter is also a remarkable instance of a needless but forcible Gallicism on Francis's part. Again, Junius and Francis both show special knowledge of and interest in the affairs of Portugal. This knowledge and interest we know to have been natural and befitting in Francis; but surely it is difficult to believe that their appearance in Junius was but a casual coincidence! A similar remark must be made on the aversion, at once vehement and contemptuous, for the Jesuits and their books, repeatedly shown by Junius. The alleged delinquencies of the Order, and the condemnations incurred by their practices and their books, were a favourite topic with Francis, who had a curious collection of documents and pamphlets bearing on the subject. Is this also a mere 'coincidence'?

But while I should not have been justified in overlooking the omissions in Mr. Merivale's share of the Memoirs, I feel it a pleasanter task to point out that he has been very happy in furnishing good

[1] See letter to the Rev. Mr. Allen, *Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis*, i. 106-108.

examples of my grandfather's modes of thought and expression. If he overlooked the Bath verses in Francis's own hand, and the envelope in the feigned hand of Junius which enclosed Tilghman's copy of them to the fair Belinda, and thus unwittingly suppressed the conclusive external evidence which would have finally identified Junius, he has shown in selections from Francis's writings ample proof not only that he could have written the Letters, but that in less laboured compositions he could not at any period of his life suppress that aggressive vehemence of thought, that condensed energy of expression, which made Junius so formidable an assailant. His early letters from Lisbon to his father, written in his twentieth year, when he was storing his mind with knowledge which, as yet, he had not applied to party warfare, exhibit these characteristics in striking development. I would particularly refer to his attacks on everything Portuguese, in which he employs the same rhetorical artifices with which we are familiar in his political invective. The author of 'Tremaine,' no mean critic, appended to one of these denunciations of Portuguese vices a note in three words, '*Junius, ni fallor.*' I would refer any reader curious as to this question of style to the young secretary's letters, pp. 34–41 inclusive, of the 'Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis.' Two years after Lord Kinnoul's return from Portugal he obtained an appointment as first clerk at the War Office. About the same time his most intimate and life-long friend, D'Oyly, was gazetted as deputy

to the Secretary at War, in which office he availed himself largely of Francis's knowledge of business and clear style of official writing. It seems highly probable that even before the date of this promotion Francis had been a frequent, as we know him to have been an occasional, writer for the newspaper press. But after it, his pen was in constant activity, and Mr. Parkes has traced with singular clearness a series of contributions to the political literature of the day, which bear the stamp both of his views and of his style. The 'Candor' papers are especially noteworthy, as it was with these that Francis first adopted in the 'Morning Advertiser' that signature of 'C' which, during the Junius period, ear-marked his correspondence with Woodfall. In fact, his mind was well in as a defender of constitutional liberty long before he startled the town by the happy audacity of his attacks on a Ministry whom both his principles and his ambition made him eager to overthrow. In after years, again, it is interesting to trace the style of Junius breaking out irrepressibly when the secret of the Letters seems to have been successfully kept. Of such passages—Francis avowedly, yet Junius all over—I will cite a few examples from Mr. Merivale's part of the Memoir, to which any critical reader may add indefinitely. At p. 293 of the second volume will be found an extract from a speech made in the debate respecting the armament against Russia. The closing paragraph bristles with sarcasm in the Junian vein, and concludes with a dictum precisely

in the manner of those didactic moralities by which Junius used to impart a studied dignity to his conclusions.

The reply to Messrs. Richardson and Riddell, of Glasgow (vol. ii. p. 299), concludes with a strong expression of unabated zeal for Junius's favourite panacea of Parliamentary Reform. The preceding sentence, however, in which 'hard words' are said to be 'the common rubbish with which persons who have the advantage of higher ground and station find it easy to pelt the people who are under them,' strikes me even more. It would fit perfectly into a letter signed 'Philo-Junius.' This address to the Glasgow reformers may be deemed in some degree a political manifesto. But it is curious to find the Junian mannerism breaking out in private letters where Francis is simply giving his feelings and impressions their natural vent. This is very observable in his letter to Mr. Collings, of which I cite the concluding sentences: 'In truth I can do nothing now with alacrity. They who follow the stream need only touch the water with their oars. I am cursed with adversity, both of wind and tide. To labour hard and for ever and to make no way is enough to break a stouter heart than mine. A war with France, I am inclined to think, is inevitable, because, on our part, provoked and intended. Assuredly it will not be conducted with the common hostilities nor attended with the common calamities of war. Great reliance is placed on the apparent

weakness of France and the distress and confusion of their affairs. But events have hitherto given the lie to speculations, because sufficient allowance, I suppose, has not been made for the unconquerable powers of enthusiasm and the inexhaustible resources of despair.'

Similar examples occur frequently in Francis's *epistolæ ad familiares*, and prove that the writer's peculiar modes of thought and expression, while they took their most finished form in the 'Letters of Junius,' were a part of the man himself, the projection of a character at once thoughtful and impulsive into a style of utterance peculiarly his own.

The last of Mr. Merivale's well-selected extracts which I reprint [1] cannot fail to recall the happy metaphors which adorn the Letters. But it has another bearing which I think Mr. Merivale has failed to note when he remarks that, as far as style is concerned, Burke might have written Junius. If it was that

[1] April 27, 1791.

As to the ninth report, which is indeed a masterpiece of human wisdom, the fact is I wrote a very small part of it, and, as to the composition, corrected the whole.

On memory only, and speaking without book, I think I can say with truth that there is not one material principle or deduction in it which may not be fairly and honestly traced back to some antecedent opinions of my own, dilated on and expanded by a superior power. In some respects I am the acorn. But, if you want to see the oak in all its beauty, dignity, and strength, read the ninth report, the sole undoubted property of the commanding master-mind of Edmund Burke.

It is true he sucked the saccharine juices out of all vegetation, even from such a wild weed as myself, and turned it to his purpose; but *he* alone was the wonderful artificer who made the wax, the comb and the honey.

great but modest man's habit, up to the date of their parting company on the question of the French Revolution, to submit his political writings to Francis for verbal correction—and I think we have Burke's own evidence as well as his friends that such was the case—then those traces of the Junian style which have been recognised by others as well as by Mr. Merivale may be simply traces of Junius himself. It is easy to judge what must have been the general tendency of Francis's corrections. He aimed, no doubt, at abridging and simplifying statements of fact, at retrenching superfluous ornament, and checking flights of imagination. In the first of these aims he may have done real service to a writer who sometimes erred through diffuseness. But we may judge, from the remorseless logic with which he assails Burke's glorious tribute to the beauty and sufferings of Marie Antoinette, what would have been the loss to taste and feeling had the Franciscan pruning-knife been applied without restriction to Burke's luxuriant eloquence. The two minds had less in common than Mr. Merivale supposes; the imaginative element which was so strong in Burke was comparatively feeble in Francis, and though a forcible speaker, he had none of that rich ornate fluency which is so conspicuous in the best Irish oratory. But his admiration and affection for Burke were deep and sincere, and shared by every member of his family. My father and the two of my aunts who survived Sir Philip longest, freely as they had mixed with great political celebrities, always seemed

to place the great Edmund on a higher pedestal than any contemporary statesman. I here quit that branch of the evidence which grows from what I have broadly termed literary peculiarities common to Junius and Francis. Writing from memory only, and without reference to the researches of others, I could easily extend my list of examples, but believe that those already given will suffice for anybody who is fairly acquainted with the 'doctrine of the chances,' and knows how rapidly the probability founded on a series of features corresponding in minute detail advances by geometrical progression towards absolute proof of identity.

But when we compare the language and feelings of Junius in reference to the various personages, great and small, who figure successively in the Letters with those of Francis towards the same person *at the same dates*, this law of probabilities will be found to apply with yet more overwhelming force. To speak broadly, Junius and Francis admire the same people, attack the same people, support the same people; have the same lofty angers, the same petty resentments; pursue the same political objects, and are encouraged or depressed by the same political changes. Junius's worst excesses in bitter invectives keep pace with Francis's paroxysms of party or personal hostility; his noblest appeals to principle regard questions on which Francis felt most strongly. We may trace in Junius's Letters (for instance) all the leading features which marked Francis's views with regard to politi-

cians and politics. We see that he was a partisan of the Grenville Whigs, whom he wished to see in the ascendant; that he held for Lord Chatham a high respect, though qualified and intermittent; that he had a vehement personal enmity to Lord Barrington; that he was bent on turning the Duke of Grafton out, and set himself against the Duke of Bedford when the support of the one threatened to keep the other in; that he was in close intimacy with Mr. Calcraft; that he knew all the movements and all the gossip of the War Office; that he felt respect for Lord Egremont; that he looked on Wilkes as a clever scamp, whom circumstances had made the representative of a popular principle, and who ought to be supported because his popularity was useful for party ends. All these things—and the items might be multiplied indefinitely—might be said in the same words of Francis. Yet this is not all. It will hardly be questioned that Junius was a good hater, and that he often blended the *odium politicum* with the bitterness of personal hostility. And it is clear enough from what he is known to have written that Francis was also a good hater, and that he could be intensely bitter either on political or personal grounds. It must also be remembered that he was habitually bold and resolute in self-assertion. He was swayed very little by his father's prudential suggestions, and when early launched on the world trusted more to his own strong intellect and exceptional power of work than to any patronage volunteered on other grounds.

Fighting 'for his own hand,' I do not think he overrated his powers or his services, but he was determined that both should be fully acknowledged, and was as ready to take offence at a personal slight as at a substantial wrong.[1] A curious instance of this may be noted in the means by which he reminded the Duke of Richmond of a certain paper on the political and commercial relations of England and Portugal, which he forwarded to his Grace (then a Secretary of State in the Rockingham Cabinet) in the month of May 1766, but which was returned by the Duke, with a handsome acknowledgment of its value, only in the month of August, after a sarcastic 'reminder' from the young writer had appeared in the 'Public Advertiser,' under the signature of 'Tantum.' If he felt himself neglected or injured he was ready to take his own part with ability and vigour, but without reserve or moderation, and sometimes in language of coarse though clever abuse. Now, downright railing of this character is especially conspicuous in two of Junius's attacks on individuals, and in both of these cases the person assailed was one whom Francis must have regarded as guilty of interference with his rightful claims. I cannot defend the rude assaults made by Junius on Mr. Chamier and Lord Barrington by pleading 'the cause and the public.' I wish I could deny that Francis felt bitter resentment against both on private and personal grounds; but it is abundantly clear that he regarded Chamier's appointment

[1] See *Memoir*, i. 119.

as a slight and an injury to himself, and Lord Barrington as an enemy who had driven him to resign an office in which he had made his mark. Now the Junius attack on Mr. Chamier exhibits, more than anything else in the Letters, personal hostility unjustified by anything proved or even alleged by the writer. We have, indeed, the general statement that Chamier's appointment was an insult to the public service, but when we look for the grounds on which it was to be so regarded, we find nothing but studied and elaborate personal abuse, cleverly contrived to raise a prejudice, but, so far as we can learn, wholly unmerited. The 'little whiffling broker' was in fact a cultivated gentleman of good social position, good manners, and fair literary acquirements; what Dr. Johnson would have called a clubable man, even had he not become actually a member of the historical 'club.' As for the imaginary dialogue in which Junius engages him, he was as little likely as either of the gentlemen with whom we find him invidiously contrasted to converse in the jargon of the Stock Exchange. In short, his appointment was resented not as an affront to the public but as a private wrong, and the attack on him takes precisely the form which Francis's morbid irritability might well have suggested. It is conceivable that an enemy of the Ministry might notice the retirement of D'Oyly and Francis, and the appointment of Chamier; and, with the scant allowance of charity usual in party polemics, might assume that in each case Lord Barrington must have been to

blame. But the caricature of Chamier, drawing as it does all its grotesque features from the 'angry fancy' of the writer, reveals not the distrust of the politician but the splenetic prejudice of the official rival. Those lovers of mystery who cling to the notion that Junius must have been 'some great one' have failed to weigh the internal evidence of the Letters on this subject, as it bears on the personal relations between the assailant and the assailed.

Junius's attacks on Lord Barrington are not less suggestive of personal resentment on the writer's part than those on Mr. Chamier. They differ, however, in this point, that they take the form of strong invective with very little of alleged fact to support it, and avoid the scurrility—I wish I could use a milder expression —which marks the caricature of 'Little Waddlewell.' And this difference in the tone of the two attacks is just what might have been expected. His contemptuous treatment of Chamier was the natural outcome of his belief in his own superior qualifications for the post from which he felt himself to have been unjustly excluded. Against Lord Barrington his wrath was yet hotter; but he could not flout the head of his own department *de haut en bas*. In ascribing to him the 'blackest heart' in the kingdom, with one special exception, he shows at once the violence of his own resentment and his inability to state the grounds of it. These grounds may have been creditable to Francis, and as far as they concerned his loyalty to his friend D'Oyly, probably were so. But to have

published them as Junius would have been simply to drop his own mask, and thus the only course open to him was that which he actually took, namely, to raise a prejudice against Lord Barrington's character, and to awake public curiosity as to transactions at the War Office on which he well knew the Minister would be silent.

In considering the career of Francis the official side by side with that of Francis the anonymous writer for the Press, it should always be borne in mind that his official services were of no common order, and that his consciousness of their value might well make his claims difficult to satisfy. His power of work was extraordinary, especially when we think of it as coexistent with a great fondness for social enjoyment, and his strong memory enabled him to amass information on any topic under discussion, and to make it available for the public service. The systematic action through the Press, by which he at once asserted his own political principles and strove to secure his own political advancement when the party he supported should succeed to power, was but one branch of his industry. His pen was not only in constant readiness but in constant requisition for official purposes, and he gave form and substance to the papers of which bigger men got the credit. This is now a common case with the permanent officials in our State departments. In the days of Junius it was, I think, less frequent—it was certainly less recognised, and this must have been a sore point with Francis.

I see no reason for doubting that Lord Barrington felt kindly towards him. He was a good-natured man, with no exaggerated estimate of his own abilities, who was likely to give an otiose approval to the work constantly done for him by his able subordinate, though he might not fully appreciate its merits. But this was not enough for Francis, who resented a slight like an outrage, and was never moderate in expressing resentment. I do not defend his violence, which I have no doubt he sincerely regretted in after days. But it does seem strange to me that critical readers should not have more readily perceived the identity of the plaintiff in the two cases of Francis *v.* Barrington and Junius *v.* Barrington.

I will not pursue this line of argument further, though it is capable of expansion by not a few striking instances. But I venture to state broadly—and perhaps my thorough familiarity with all that is left of my grandfather's writings, and all the published and private Letters of Junius, may give some weight to my statement—that I know not one case in which the relations indicated by the Letters as existing between Junius and the various personages to and of whom he wrote will be found inconsistent with those existing at the same dates between Francis and the same persons. Neither the documentary evidence, abundant and various as it is, nor the family traditions of which I am, alas! the sole surviving depositary, have suggested a difficulty in the identification of the two writers which has not been

dispelled by examination. On the other hand, the coincidences disclosed by a careful comparison of Junius's Letters, public and private—especially the latter—with Francis's correspondence and personal history, are so numerous that to set them forth in full would be a heavy task for the writer and a weariness to his readers. I will but instance a few which rise first to a memory which is literally overburthened with them.

Francis's boyish dislike to Sir William Draper, as a man who 'didn't look you in the face'; his early days in Dublin, accounting for his use of the word *Collegian*, scarcely known to the English in England; his friendly feelings towards his schoolfellow Woodfall; the mixture of classical machinery with neat turns of prose in the 'numbers' in which he owned himself 'ill at ease' (cf. Nancy and Harry with the Bath verses)—all these are obvious additions to the examples I have already given. The same may be said of the cessation of the public Letters shortly after Francis's retirement from the War Office. Less obvious coincidences are traceable in the two cases of expected Letters from Junius unexpectedly deferred. In one of these, the date of a hurried excuse to Woodfall corresponds with that of the summons of Francis to the sick bed of his father, suddenly stricken with paralysis at Bath. In the other, where the public were for a fortnight in expectation of the well-known Letter to Horne Tooke, the delay, for which Junius is so neatly jeered by his ablest

antagonist, coincides strikingly with the period during which Francis's usually excellent health was interrupted by serious illness. But with this delayed answer to Horne Tooke I find yet another ground for argument closely and curiously connected. There is no doubt that many readers at the time regarded 'Parson Horne' as having had the best in the passage of arms. And in a sense this view was correct, though those familiar with Junius's political tactics will perceive that he was in a dilemma, from which he escaped only by the exercise of great tact and ingenuity. But Junius must for once have felt that he had failed; had indeed been *estopped* from putting his adversary down. For once, also, Francis on this occasion departs from his habitual reticence on the Junius question, and with much strength of phrase urges his brother-in-law, Mackrabie, to observe how complete a triumph Junius had obtained, by a Letter which was at best a well-masked retreat from a false position. Surely we must here recognise an attempt to engage his clever kinsman in 'cracking up' the only public Letter of the Junian series with the reception of which he could not feel satisfied.

If we have here the one known exception to Francis's rule of silence, or the loosest and vaguest utterances, with regard to the Letters then in everybody's mouth, we have in his general observance of that rule something which had he not himself been Junius would have been inexplicable. On all other subjects he was communicative enough when

he found leisure for writing, and especially fond of telling his brother-in-law the latest changes and movements, public and private, in which he was himself interested. Yet while showing a watchful and curious interest in political events, and a taste for lively comment on current topics, we find him studiously avoiding a subject which, from the nature of the case, must have caused the liveliest excitement at the War Office. He never discusses Junius's objects or motives; he never either praises or condemns his views of questions on which he himself felt most strongly; he never tries to trace him by his principles or his predilections. True, we have the solitary remark, 'I always suspected Burke.' But he does not say of what he suspected him; in fact, he uses just the same verbal artifice which later in life he employed when he seemed to disclaim his identification by Taylor as 'a silly and malignant falsehood,' while really he neither affirmed nor denied Taylor's conclusion. It is certain that, far from regarding the 'Junius Identified' as silly or malignant, he was proud of it, in spite of the social annoyances it caused him. It is not less certain that he was far too well-informed on Junius's favourite subjects, and too well aware of the sources whence such knowledge as Junius's *must* have been derived, to credit Burke with furnishing the *matter* of the letters; while as to their *manner*, he was too able a critic not to recognise a style utterly unlike the florid and copious eloquence which marked the written, no less than the spoken, periods of his

Irish friend. Thus the fact remains, that on a subject which to any clever and pushing clerk at the War Office would have furnished matter most attractive, both for comment and for inquiry, the very man who—but for some special motive—might have been expected to take the lead in both, shows himself reticent and incurious. Be it observed, too, that on questions of English composition Francis was nothing if not critical—claimed, in fact, to speak *ex cathedrâ*. As I have already remarked, he did not hesitate to say of Dr. Johnson, 'This ponderous grammarian cannot write English,' or to tell Burke he wished he 'would write English.' Is it conceivable that without special motives for silence he should not at that time have had his say as to the literary merits of those Letters of which, later in life, he was a thoroughgoing admirer and panegyrist?

Mr. Merivale has, I think, done scant justice to Francis in taxing him with gross ingratitude to Mr. Calcraft. He writes in avowed ignorance of his relations to that gentleman; relations never fully understood, but doubtless connected with the Junian mystery. He knows only what Calcraft gave, not what he received, and thus in balancing the debtor and creditor account he allows nothing for services which must have been considerable, or for sacrifices which may probably have been entailed by those services. It is by no means unlikely that Francis's intimacy with Calcraft may have been connected with his retirement from the War Office; but this, of

course, is mere conjecture. It is, however, a very suggestive fact that, after Calcraft's death, Francis should have declared with much eager vehemence to his daughters that he was under no obligations to their father. As regards Lord Chatham, notice had been drawn long before the appearance of the 'Junius Identified' to striking 'parallel passages' in the great statesman's reported speeches and in the 'Letters of Junius.' Mr. Taylor argued very ably that these parallelisms were really between the language of Francis, as the 'gentleman with a strong memory' who reported sundry of Lord Chatham's speeches, and that of Junius. The publication of the Letters to Mackrabie throws a curious light on this argument. Francis assures his kinsman that a remarkable speech of Lord Chatham's heard by himself was 'genuine' as reported. Doubtless he was himself the reporter; but may not the word also suggest that some similar reports bore traces of 'his own thunder'?

Very striking again, in my view, as it was in my father's, is the affixing of his peculiar mark to a passage in Feltham's 'Resolves'—not a book of any great value—which dwells on the power conferred by secrecy. 'Tis the *invisibility* of spirits,' &c., &c. That power he clearly took delight in wielding, and exercised it not merely as Junius, and in a long series of previous contributions to the Press, but later in life when he employed his pen in the service of his party.

These and a long array of similar coincidences, which a simple application of the law of probabilities

should have rendered practically conclusive long before the actual demonstration afforded by the handwriting, make it surprising that Francis's identity with Junius should so long have been doubted. His own family of course had an evidence not accessible to others in the eagerness with which, as he advanced in years, he used to defend both the matter and the style of the Letters. Of this we have a striking instance in his reply to the criticism—purposely made *to draw him out*—that it did not require a very 'solid fabric' to 'support laurels.' He at once alleged an error of the Press. *Of course* Junius wrote, 'It is a solid fabric, and will *long* support the laurels that adorn it.' Either he had so written, or he wished that he had. The image, I have little doubt, had been originally suggested to him by the ancient laurel-grown tombs he had seen in Italy. His habit of extolling and upholding Junius in private becomes more remarkable when we remember that as a public character he was far from posing as 'Philo-Junius'—nay, wished it to be supposed that he resented the imputation of having written the Letters. Yet the explanation is simple—he was a proud as well as a vain man. While his vanity urged him to claim applause for the Letters, as for his own writings generally, his pride—even apart from any pledge of secrecy—shrank from acknowledging himself the author of the many harsh judgments and bitter imputations which, as a party pamphleteer, he had uttered against men whom he had now learnt to respect.

I have now said enough on this branch of my subject. Now that Francis's authorship of the Letters has been distinctly demonstrated, it avails little to wonder why its recognition was so gradual. But since that demonstration has been arrived at through the handwriting of Francis, I wish to shorten the labour of those to whom the arguments of experts are weariness, and the account of the Bath verses, complimentary stanzas written in youth and acknowledged in age, simply a 'long story.' At page 131[1] of Mr. Twisleton's work, a facsimile of which is here reproduced, they will find that Francis, who habitually wrote his dates in his clearest and neatest hand, however hastily the body of the letter might be penned, on one occasion, when correcting the press for Woodfall, actually yielded to the force of this business-like habit, and introduced among the Junian feigned hand a date, viz. July 29, 1769, written without disguise in the clear character and form which he was wont to employ in his correspondence. A glance will make this conclusive fact obvious to any clear-sighted person.

The question has been frequently asked whether Junius, who collected and diffused so much official and semi-official information, and who was clearly bent on securing the defeat of certain politicians and

[1] The first of these dates appears in the portion of corrected proof given elsewhere in facsimile; the second in a letter of Francis's of the same date.

the success of others, could have been, as he once alleged, the sole depositary of his own secret. If not, to whom was the authorship of the Letters known? Those who have asked this question have perhaps not clearly recognised that it is, in fact, a threefold one, which should receive a different answer according to the date referred to. Taking it as proven that Francis was Junius, I should dismiss as incredible the theory that he succeeded in maintaining perfect secrecy throughout his active career on a question of such general interest. But I should inquire, first, who seems most likely to have been privy to the authorship of the Letters during their short but brilliant run of success? Secondly, to whom it became known during the interval between the cessation of the Letters and his Indian appointment? And lastly, how far it was tacitly recognised or taken for granted in political circles after his return to England from his long struggles in the Supreme Council? During the first of these periods he had excellent reasons for fearing detection, and it was not likely that he would take anyone into his confidence who was not a necessary ally in the effective publication of the Letters, or an intimate sharer in the political purposes for which they were written. There are only two persons whom I should without hesitation pronounce to have been in the secret the elder Woodfall and Mr. D'Oyly. The former of these had been from the first the publisher of his political sallies while he was gaining experience in the warfare of the Press, drilling, as

it were, for the Junian campaign. In those days Francis must have written not as the 'great unknown,' sheltered by an ingeniously feigned hand, and by an elaborate 'conveyancing department,' but as a clever political aspirant, glad to find a friendly publisher. There was no occasion *then* for mystery between him and the schoolfellow whom he respected and trusted, and it is utterly improbable that the handwriting of the Letters bearing his earlier signatures was disguised. The 'Morning Advertiser' having thus been Francis's training ground as a pamphleteer, it is scarcely conceivable that when, with larger personal aims and readier access to political information, he trusted Woodfall with the first specimens of a more ambitious style, he should have at once forgone the advantages of his long connection, and tried to deceive a safe friend who was, of all men, the least likely to prove an easy dupe. The story of his having told his son that, 'to his certain knowledge,' Francis was not Junius, is utterly valueless, except as evidence that he knew something which he was not free, or not inclined, to reveal. If, indeed, we could have had his exact words in their exact order, some ingenious form of seeming denial without direct falsehood might have been traceable, such as Francis himself used to repel inconvenient inquiries, and such as we find suggested to Woodfall in the remarkable private note, No. 8. 'Suppose you were to say, "*We have some reason to suspect that the last letter signed Junius in this paper was not written by Junius.*"'

He might, for instance, have said, 'Francis was not to my certain knowledge the author of the Letters,' thus merely disclaiming absolute certainty, while seeming authoritatively to deny that of which he could have felt no real doubt. But for such guesses there is really no need. The 'nature of the case' conclusively shows that Woodfall must have known with whom he was dealing, though a new political and literary departure on the part of his old correspondent involved the necessity for a good deal of mutual make-believe.

That D'Oyly was also in Francis's secret is probable in so high a degree that we may fairly treat it as a certainty. Had we nothing beyond the facts that the two were most intimate and confidential friends; that they were acting together as the working heads of the War Office during the Junian period; that their retirement was a joint act, of which the causes can only be guessed, Francis having taken excellent care to leave no trace of their correspondence or official intercourse at the critical time, and that their close friendship nevertheless continued unbroken till D'Oyly's death, it would still appear extremely unlikely that the younger man should have wished to keep his colleague in the dark, or could have succeeded had he wished it. They were both 'in the same boat,' both daily conversant with the War Office details which loom so large in the Letters, both doubtless cherishing kindred aims and ambitions. But, beyond all this, we find Junius bracketing, as it

were, the two together as martyrs in some unexplained way to the public cause, claiming public sympathy for them on the score of wrongs of which they made no official or personal complaint, and exhausting his ingenuity in testy lampoons on the man who rose by their fall. Common sense seems to me to dictate the conclusion that D'Oyly must have known who was his advocate.

Calcraft is the only other person whose knowledge of the secret I cannot doubt. It is of course possible, as Mr. Merivale ingeniously suggests, that he left it open to himself to deny any certain knowledge of the authorship of Junius, and was content to have the evidence easily within his reach. But I should rather conclude that Calcraft was just the person whom Francis would think it safer, and perhaps more profitable, to take into his full confidence than to leave in a twilight of incomplete inference. That they were both engaged in scheming for the same political changes seems generally admitted; that their correspondence was frequent and confidential we know; and it doubtless turned largely on the ways and means of attaining their common objects. I find it hard to believe that the 'Letters of Junius,' elaborated as a special leverage for dislodging the Grafton Ministry, were excluded from the scope of their confidences. Indeed, I think it highly probable that Calcraft furnished Francis with some of the political materials of which he made such telling use. But in the absence of detailed information on this

point we may be content with knowing that they were working together when Junius was busiest, and that for some reason—surely not unconnected with their joint operations—Calcraft showed great liberality to Francis and his family. We have also the curious fact that after Calcraft's death Francis went out of his way to disclaim in strong terms any obligation to the man to whom he had apparently owed so much. Now I feel sure that Mr. Merivale writes hastily and unadvisedly when he sees in this disclaimer only one phase of the 'ingratitude' with which he considers Francis to have requited Calcraft's benefits. I do not pretend to balance the debtor and creditor accounts between the allies, but I can see that Francis as Junius must have done, and done much, for objects in which Calcraft's interest was higher and more direct than his own, while I cannot discern that Calcraft risked or sacrificed anything in what I believe to have been their joint enterprise. It is by no means improbable that Francis's retirement from the War Office was due directly or indirectly to his share in the onslaught on the Ministry. However this may be, although he was, as I have admitted, inclined to set a high value on his own powers and his own services, he was certainly neither a cold-hearted nor an ungrateful man. If he felt that he had given Calcraft full value for all he received from him, we are safe in assuming that Calcraft was indebted to him, for reasons not the less weighty because they would not bear publication. The letter of December 1, 1770,

(No. VII. in the Appendix to Volume I. of the 'Memoirs'), throws a strong light on the relations between the two men. It suggests very forcibly, if it does not actually prove, that while Calcraft held the higher position, and might in some sense be regarded as the patron, yet he valued and deferred to the opinion of his younger ally on questions of practical politics. The letter in question has a further value, as showing that Francis's hostility to Lord Mansfield —so strikingly manifested in the 'Letters of Junius' —was not the mere enmity of a politician, but had its root in constitutional principles, and especially in a strong regard for the liberty of the Press. Very noteworthy, too, is that brief sentence, 'You will not, I believe, suspect me of wishing to spare Lord Mansfield.' Surely this must allude to attacks made by the writer on the great Chief Justice, of which Calcraft was cognisant. Again, both in matter and manner the letter bears a striking resemblance to some of Junius's less laboured writings.

Mr. Merivale is probably right in guessing that this very powerful letter was meant for the eye of Lord Chatham. While studying it I have frequently asked myself, 'Did Lord Chatham know, or at least suspect, that the mysterious Junius, the formidable anonymous assailant of his political adversaries, the intrepid advocate of great constitutional principles akin to his own, was in truth no other than the official underling who in his youth had won his favourable notice as Latin Secretary, and some years

later must have earned his approval by sundry reports of his speeches, which, if not always accurate, showed at least an imposing vigour of language, as well as some turns of phrase which close observers soon recognised as "Junian?"' The question is a curious one. Great men have a special gift of recognising genuine ability in their subordinates, and it is difficult to suppose that Lord Chatham could have failed to notice those characteristic touches of his own reporter which lent some support to the otherwise most improbable notion that he himself was Junius. Calcraft could, of course, have thrown light on this interesting subject; but in default of fresh evidence it must remain in doubt. Only it seems clear that the efforts of Junius in Lord Chatham's behalf must have formed an item of account between Calcraft and Francis. When we come to the date of Francis's Indian appointment, which, with all my admiration for his official ability, I find it difficult to disconnect from his success as Junius, it becomes more difficult to show, or even to guess, how far the authorship of the Letters was known or suspected. If we assumed that the often-quoted words, 'We know who Junius is, and he will write no more,' were really uttered, we might infer with something like certainty that some compromise had been arrived at—a sort of *eirenicon* among conflicting party leaders—according to which the abilities of the formidable pamphleteer were to be usefully employed in the field towards which Francis had, as we know by his Letter

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been casting hopeful eyes. But, even thus, we could only guess at the high contracting parties. If the story cannot be trusted, and to me it seems incredible, we are thrown back on broad probabilities which, however, point the same way. When Byron says of Francis that 'he was gagged and sent to India,' he puts the case spitefully and inaccurately. Still, he reasons on the same grounds which drew from Tilghman (Francis's kinsman and friend, and partner in the Bath mystification) his apt and forcible expression of surprise. '*But how*,' asks the shrewd cousin, '*did you get your appointment?* It is miraculous to me that a man should resign his office in 1772, and in 1773, without any change of Ministry, be advanced in so very extraordinary a manner!' From the nature of the case, and from sundry fragments of evidence casually disclosed, I have drawn a general conclusion, which I know to have been that arrived at by my father and by his sister, Mrs. Godschall Johnson, the one, perhaps, of Sir Philip's daughters who most resembled him in keen political intelligence. It seems, I venture to say, in the highest degree probable that shortly after the retirement of Francis from the War Office—Junius having already ceased to write—some members of the Ministry learnt who Junius really was, and what was more important, how much of sympathy and covert support he had found from leading politicians, hostile or neutral, with whom they did not wish to come into violent conflict. On the approved principle, then, of building

a bridge of gold for a flying enemy, they would naturally seek at once to effectually silence the hostile mouthpiece, and to conciliate Junius's most influential well-wishers. My belief is that this twofold object was attained about the date of Francis's last Letter from the War Office, and was attained by a promise, probably from Lord North, of a good appointment abroad after the shortest interval that might suffice to avert the immediate suspicion of a bargain, Francis on his part engaging to drop the *rôle* of masked pamphleteer, but never to remove the mask he had worn as Junius. That such an arrangement, however natural and convenient, should have been carried out, if not with absolute secrecy, yet without protest or general suspicion, seems at first sight strange. It must, however, not be forgotten that all the parties to it, as far as they are certainly known to us, or indicated by strong probabilities, had the gravest reasons for keeping it dark. Influential men who, for their own objects, had backed and perhaps occasionally prompted Junius, would be little inclined to disclose the secret history of proceedings which had ended in failure. Members of the Government which had survived his attacks could desire nothing better than that his searching criticisms should cease, and that his personality should remain unknown. They had nothing to gain by letting the world know how inconsiderable a personage had wrought them so much 'skaith and scorn.' To have prosecuted the writer of the Letters would have confirmed his popularity

as the ablest champion of the 'Liberty of the Press.' Or had they used their knowledge simply to disparage the youth and comparative obscurity of the writer who had figured so successfully as the grave and dignified moralist, Francis might well have retorted, in Coriolanus's vein:

> Boy! False hound!
> If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
> That, like an eagle in a dovecote, I
> Flutter'd your Volsces in Corioli:
> Alone I did it.

As regards the third party to the arrangement which I believe to have taken place, it is clear that Francis would have had weighty reasons enough for keeping his own secret, even without the 'great ox stepping on his tongue' in the shape of promised employment. His great literary venture had failed as a party move, and we may safely affirm that those with whom he had acted would now value his secretiveness more than any other of his qualifications, while those whom he had assailed could never forgive him if the world knew the story of their wrongs. He durst not enlighten those of them who were in the dark, or drive those who knew him into showing that they knew.

Secrecy being thus the common interest and object of all parties, we are less surprised at finding how little can be known about the manner of Francis's promotion, or the persons who arranged it. He was himself most careful—as in honour no less than in prudence bound—to leave no sign. His six months

of Continental travel with his friend Godfrey, which on the mere ground of expense might seem imprudent under the circumstances, enabled him to disappear completely below the political horizon. Even the notice in his fragment of autobiography, which he spared amidst a general destruction of tell-tale documents, tells little or nothing except that he owed his success to Lord Barrington—a remarkable statement, even though qualified by those very elastic words, '*other interests contributed.*' The vague passage in which he speaks of his situation as a 'haunting spectre' seems to be introduced merely as a blind. He may have soon wearied of 'the Chameleon's dish,' but he had no real doubt that the promises made to him would have an early fulfilment. In fact, we find him writing to Mackrabie on March 20, 1772—just at the date when his fortunes might have seemed to be at their lowest ebb:—'Be not alarmed for me; everything is secure and as it should be.' He could not well have gone farther without disclosing the grounds of his 'hidden hope.' And the brief account given in the autobiography of his application for a seat on the Supreme Council is pretty clear evidence that he thought the Government prepared to give him something good—something to which his *known* antecedents could not have entitled him to aspire.

There was then, I cannot doubt, some arrangement arrived at about the month of March, 1772, according to which Junius was to efface himself, and the author

of the Letters was in due season to be promoted to the public service. But who were the parties to this arrangement besides Junius himself? This is a question on which I would not pretend to speak with confidence. A close conspiracy of silence was the natural policy of all the persons concerned, and if it is difficult to learn what each of them did, it may well be deemed hopeless to ascertain what each of them knew. If I give my own impressions for what they may be worth, it is because I have had from my early boyhood so many side-lights thrown on the subject, from the most varied sources, that what now appear even to myself as conjectures may be in truth a result of just, though unconscious, reasoning.

That both D'Oyly and Calcraft would be privy to the understanding arrived at is a natural and obvious inference. That Lord North sanctioned it and carried it out seems certain. And I think it highly probable that Lord Grenville was one of the political leaders who were parties to the arrangement. He had been especially the object of Junius's admiring homage, and the circumstances which cut the thread of the Letters can hardly have escaped his notice. If he then knew or suspected their author, he might well deem it a point of honour that the partisan who had made so gallant a fight, and who, if he failed to achieve a party success, had successfully asserted great constitutional principles, should not be ruined by his zeal. I do not understand on what grounds Mr. Merivale set aside Dubois's

testimony on this point. Of course the offer of a South American Barataria to Francis, which went off with Whitelock's breakdown, belongs to a later date, but I cannot believe that Dubois's shrewdness erred in connecting it with memories of the Junian days.

It has often been assumed that George III. knew who Junius was. This I utterly disbelieve. Even supposing the Desaguliers story to be exactly true, the royal 'We' might merely imply that *his ministers* knew. Even when the balance of his mind was shaken, he neither forgot nor forgave the affront offered to his dignity by 'Pigeon Paley' in his irreverent plea for monarchy. And, good-natured as he was in some senses, he could not have forgiven Francis the elaborate insult which forms the staple of the 'Letter to the King.' He would assuredly have qualified the admission of his talents with some strong phrase expressing a rooted aversion.

That Lord Barrington knew seems to me far more probable, though I do not remember even to have seen it suggested by any writer in this overgrown controversy. He was emphatically a good-natured man, very free from self-conceit; and I believe him to have been quite capable of forgiving Junius's attacks, provided only that he were not known to have forgiven them. They had done him no harm; indeed, they had for the most part taken the form of splenetic invective rather than of any definite accusation; and if Lord Barrington had sufficiently

grasped the real situation to recognise in his assailant the mouthpiece of higher hostile ambitions, he might well be inclined to endorse an amnesty which others more injured than himself were prepared to sign. There is another consideration not to be overlooked. He may very well have had a strong feeling of personal kindness towards his able and useful subordinate, which would make forgiveness easy. Francis was not merely a clerk with a rare capacity for work; he was an accomplished gentleman, rich in gifts of mind and person; and, though lamentably hasty in temper and resentful of imagined slights, was good-natured and obliging—a genial companion, and from his youth up much sought for in society. And I believe that his social *agréments* had won upon his official chief as they did upon many greater men, so that, when their official connection terminated, Lord Barrington's regrets were stronger than his resentment. It is easy no doubt to raise objections to this view, but when we consider what his Lordship must have known and what he actually did, the balance of probabilities seems to me strongly in favour of the belief that he not only forgave Junius but was generous enough to wish him well. Be that as it may, I must protest in the strongest terms against Mr. Merivale's assumption that there was, or indeed could have been, on Francis's part, after his Indian appointment, any abiding rancour against his old chief and recent patron. His subsequent intercourse with both Lord and Lady Barrington was, as may be seen from

his Letters and his conduct, of the most friendly character. He was hasty and violent, but far from ungenerous; and those who knew him best credited him with an honest feeling *qu'il avait des torts à réparer.*

And when Francis started for India, there were doubtless many others who guessed the fact that he was the author of the Junius Letters, but preferred not to know it.

Of my grandfather's career in India I can hardly be an impartial judge. Yet I think unbiassed minds will generally be found to hold that if Hastings's high-handed policy produced such immediate advantage to the Company as caused them gradually to tone down their approval of Francis's resistance, yet the principles on which he would have had India governed were higher and more benevolent than those of Hastings, and have been those recognised by all later Governors-General, as well as by public opinion in this country. But the panegyrists of Hastings, though in great measure excused by admiration for his successful ability and by disgust at the course of the long-drawn impeachment which degenerated into a persecution, have surely gone too far. To take but one instance—Macaulay's apology for the Imhoff marriage is not pleasant reading. It has its comic side, reminding us of Lydia Languish's maid 'putting the "Innocent Adultery" into the "Whole Duty of Man."' But it is bad moral teaching—*res pessimi exempli*—when a Carlyle or a Macaulay finds ready

excuse for the ill-doing of a great man, and accepts success as the ultimate test of merit.

Francis's career after his return from India was by no means undistinguished. Both socially and politically he held a position almost unique, considering that he possessed neither rank nor office, and (though he had achieved a handsome independence) had neither sought nor attained great wealth. Everywhere, and especially with the magnates of the Whig aristocracy, he was not only a welcome but an honoured guest, and even the advance of age left him still a *persona grata* at more great houses than I should care to enumerate. This was in part due to the great extent of his literary culture and general knowledge; acquirements which in those days were rarer than they are (or seem to be) at the present time, and were more frankly appreciated. The man of whom Fox would borrow a historical argument and Sheridan steal a jest; whom a Baring would listen to on commercial and financial questions; whom Lord Holland admired as an accomplished classical scholar, while Edmund Burke deferred to him as a master of nervous English, must have had large mental stores to draw upon, and I am assured on the best authority that, though not a great talker, he always bore a leading part in conversation, was attentively heard, and often appealed to. In speech as in writing he aimed at conciseness, abhorring all circumlocution and ambiguous phraseology, and thus his words were weighed rather than numbered. He was sometimes

vehement, but always earnest; he said what he meant and meant what he said. Yet he was not incapable of that elegant trifling with social topics which has always had a charm for cultivated women, and was undoubtedly a favourite with sundry brilliant leaders of the female world. At Holland House he was specially intimate, and, while he was Lord Holland's intimate friend, was also a close ally of her ladyship, and one with whom she never quarrelled. He was on close terms of friendship with the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, and his Letters to her remain records both of elegance in epistolary writing and of political firmness, tempered by tact. Not to extend my list too far, he was also the favoured correspondent of the Dowager Lady Downshire, whom I can remember at an advanced age, still charming in manners and conversation. Her regard for his memory was shown not only by her pleasure in recalling his sayings and doings, but also by her special kindness to all who bore his name—kindness which extended not merely to my father, but to those of the second generation. It may, I think, fairly be said of my grandfather that acquaintance with him soon grew into friendship, and that his friendships were close and lasting.

But I must not digress. My purpose was to inquire how far the man thus socially distinguished was in these years known or suspected as Junius. Yet 'suspected' is hardly the right term, used as it commonly is *in malam partem*. I should better

express my own view by saying that among political leaders the belief had gained ground that he was the author of the Letters, while at the same time there was an increased desire to keep it dark. When Francis accepted his Indian appointment, this desire had been mainly due to the reluctance of leaders on both sides to avow the bargain to which it was due. But when he had taken his place in England as a popular and influential member of the Whig party—one who had striven hard, though unsuccessfully, in the East, to uphold those principles of government for which Whigs at home professed to contend—there were new motives at work for maintaining secrecy. The men who lauded Francis's official career in India, in a public testimonial which stands recorded to his honour, could have ill afforded to have his conduct in the War Office arraigned for the breach of official allegiance. Junius's Letters were a text-book on more than one important question of constitutional law; but had their secret history been disclosed they would have lost much of their authority. But the ignoring of accessible evidence to an inconvenient fact partook largely of the nature of an amnesty, not merely on political but on social grounds. Francis had gained the respect, and in many cases the friendship, of persons to whom his recognition as Junius would have proved a check, if not an absolute barrier, to a pleasant intimacy. And I may be allowed to point out here that his family, who were much courted in society, would also have

been sufferers by such a recognition. My father had no doubt as to the authorship of the Letters, but he spoke of it rarely and with bated breath, as by no means a subject for unmixed pride, but rather one to be kept in the background. He combined strong domestic affections with rare social gifts, which made his company much sought for in great houses, while his own delight lay in a few intimate friendships, and naturally dreaded the disinterment of buried grudges. He had fully expected that the Junian secret would be finally disclosed to him by my grandfather, who had once said to him—in reference, as he fully believed, to such a disclosure—'Never mind, Philip! I'll see you before I die.' But though he regretted not having been with his father at the last, I believe that he was by no means disappointed at missing the expected avowal. I have heard him relate a closet interview which he held with George IV. (then Regent), when he waited on him to hand over the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Bath. The Regent was all eagerness to hear of the revelation which he supposed to have taken place. His first words when alone with my father were, 'Well, Philip, now about Junius?' And my impression from my father's narrative was that he felt it rather a relief to have nothing new to disclose. The Prince Regent at that date fully believed that 'Grandpapa,' as he used to call Sir Philip, was the author of the Letters, and it is, of course, possible that his belief dated from the publication of 'Junius Identified.' It is, however,

far more likely that he had long taken the fact for granted, though there were strong reasons for his keeping silence on the subject. Francis may be considered in some respects unfortunate, but it was no common good fortune to have his secret generally respected, and yet to derive authority and *prestige* from the admiration of many to whom it need not have been a secret at all. He doubtless spoke the truth when he said, 'Burke always believed me to be Junius.' But Burke was too true a friend both to Francis and to his family to make his belief public, though it may be traced in the deference with which he received Francis's criticism on questions of English style and composition. Lord Holland, again, who both admired and loved my grandfather, had probably surmised, without caring formally to ascertain, that the vigorous, incisive English style which he so often admired had been seen at its highest finish in the famous Letters. And it is more than likely that the history of the Bath verses (which I have now shown to have been Francis's composition) would have been earlier published had not the Duke of Bedford, in friendly consideration for Francis, pointed out the painful position in which Belinda's admirer would be placed by the publication.

To pass from particulars to a general conclusion, I hold that the key to my grandfather's life after his return to England is the identity between him and Junius; explaining alike the personal influence which he wielded and the curious fact that no official em-

ployment was ever found for his widely recognised abilities. Though as an advocate I might argue that his services were ill-requited by his party, yet I cannot but see that there was something of justice alike in his success and his failure. As Junius the political essayist, he had gallantly—I may say triumphantly—maintained great constitutional principles. As Junius the disguised servant of the Crown, he had undoubtedly misused his official opportunities. Thus, on the one hand, the *bruit sourd* of his services as a champion of liberty aided the reputation gained by his known talents and industry, and raised him in the estimation of the leading men of his party as a useful adviser, and forcible exponent of their wishes and opinions. His independent character and position enabled him to write fearlessly on occasions when many men would have shrunk from committing themselves. Thus he was called upon to write the Prince of Wales's application for the command of volunteers, to draw up Lord Thanet's defence when charged with a treasonable rescue, and to plead for the aid of the Duchess of Devonshire in recalling Charles Fox to his Parliamentary duties, from a retirement which savoured of ingratitude as well as of sloth. Perhaps a more startling example of the weight which his opinion carried was seen when that very unclerical personage known as 'Parson Rosenhagen' wrote for his advice on being asked to officiate at the FitzHerbert marriage. Considering the position he had long held with the Royal bride-

groom, I think it is to his credit that he replied by strongly urging his schoolfellow *to have nothing to do with it.* He had, in fact, while yet in his full power of mind and body, attained to that 'auctoritas' which Cicero supposes the great Censor to have recognised as the prize and crown of an honoured old age. This was his just reward. He accepted it as his due, and without pride. But such was his estimate of his own *opus magnum* that he looked with confidence to the posthumous celebrity which it would bring him. No fair critic can doubt that it was to the 'Letters of Junius' he alluded when, with exultant emphasis, he quoted the lines:

> 'Howe'er by Folly or by Faction cross'd,
> He finds the gen'rous labour was not lost;
> Enjoys the honours destined to his name,
> And lives *instanter* in his future fame.'

But if he was indirectly rewarded for the patriotism of his writings, he certainly felt the Nemesis of official indiscretion, to use no stronger term. His rare capacity for official work never found fitting scope, but languished, perhaps rusted, in inaction. If there were promises of public employment, they were unfulfilled. He fed on the chameleon's dish, though the air he ate was perfumed with the incense of praise. And even the praise did not take the definite form which would have best suited his taste. It must have been a constant source of regret to him that he was not free to claim openly the laurels which he thought he had earned as Junius. Not

only was he pledged to silence, but the company in which he found himself must often have reminded him that that pledge still needed to be observed for his own sake as well as for that of others. He could not *pose* as Junius without awakening dormant memories of cutting sayings which he wished unsaid, of cruel imputations the injustice of which had long been apparent to himself. He had lived to repent of harsh judgments and vehement invective, and to enjoy the friendship of men whom in the fervour of partisanship he had denounced without mercy. This change of feeling he would acknowledge in general terms; as when late in life he likened himself to those generous wines which mellow and soften with age, or later still remarked, with a touch of 'humorous self-pity,' that he was going out of the world just when he had learnt how to live in it. What it cost him to suppress his title to the work which was thus at once his pride and his regret may be guessed from his conduct after the publication of Mr. Taylor's 'Junius Identified.' He was seen no more at Brooks's; he left his special arm-chair vacant, and resigned the society of his clubable friends rather than risk the painful alternative of a forbidden avowal or a false disclaimer. How hard he was driven to avoid the last will appear from his often quoted words, 'a silly and malignant falsehood'; words which, to a careless reader, would seem to convey a denial, while in fact they contained a general truism not necessarily connected with the

Junius question. We know now that he considered the imputed authorship neither silly nor malignant, but a special source of pride, a fit birthday present for his wife, while he could not deny its truth even had he wished to do so. But he had not merely to baffle direct inquiry; he might be sure that indirect attempts would be made to pique or trap him into dangerous admissions. I cannot wonder that he saw no safety but in flight. Yet the loss of his Club must have been a heavy one. To look at it from the whist-player's point of view, he could not but miss his daily encounters 'on the verdant plain.' Without fully accepting Talleyrand's well-known dictum as to the 'triste vieillesse,' I can well conceive that the want of his regular rubber would leave a 'craving void.' He was one of the best players of his day, and while the rewards of skill in the game as then played were undoubtedly higher than at present, I think that its exercise was less laborious and afforded a pleasanter scope for what I may term the divining power than is possible under the present system of arbitrary signals. But whatever may be the comparative merits of the old and new game, a thorough-going whist-player who resigns his Club undergoes no slight privation. No doubt his resources in politics, literature, and society were large and various; but still a favourite amusement is not lightly dropped. Habits, too, gain strength with advancing years. On this point an octogenarian can speak feelingly, and altogether I cannot but look on my grandfather's self-

exile from Brooks's as a striking illustration of the penance long undergone by Junius for anonymous violence of invective. He bore it for half a life—regretfully, no doubt, but unflinchingly, and without an attempt to escape from the obligation imposed on him at once by honour and by social prudence. And it is a striking proof of Francis's strength of will and rare gift of secretiveness that, if we except a few instances, and those confined to his home circle, in which his zeal in defence of the Letters threw him off his guard, he never seems to have given a hint of the claim he would so gladly have advanced. But he was impulsive from temperament as well as secretive from self-training, and thus felt himself bound to avoid the Club-room, in which he might be sure there would be a good deal of clever word-fence in connection with the prohibited subject, but could not be sure of keeping the button on his own foil through a course of difficult parries.

But I need not follow this subject farther. I trust I have clearly shown what must have been Junius's position during the closing years of his life; what were his losses and what his compensations. He kept his pledge of secrecy to the end, and nearly the last work of his life was the wholesale destruction of documents—especially memoranda of his own doings—which he felt he had no right to leave open to the risk of publication. Distance of time and place forbade the final interview with his only son, on which he had reckoned for the formal transmission

of his secret, and he left no clear sign but in those verses of which I have already traced the history through two channels. He had, of course, ceased to think of his disguised compliment to Miss Giles but as a youthful jest, and when he claimed the lines as his own so many years after, little dreamed that the joint action of two female memories would furnish a perfect clue to that Junian labyrinth which had perplexed so many *cæca vestigia*.

I have said he left no clear sign but in those verses addressed to Miss Giles, and yet it so happened that he did leave another direct link of evidence identifying him with Junius. The seals used for the sealing of the Junius Letters supply this link. These seals, five in all, may be seen on the Junian documents at the British Museum; and Mr. Joseph Parkes (to whom all our family papers were entrusted, with a view to his preparation of the 'Memoir') found that three out of these five seals appear on letters addressed by Sir Philip Francis to his wife (1764–1778), and that another appears on a letter from Sir Philip Francis to a Mr. Dubois. In a letter now before me, Mr. Parkes thus explains:

'London, 17 Wimpole Street: October 7, 1860.

'Mr. Franks of the Museum has examined the seal on Mr. F.'s letter you last enclosed. We do not discover any identity (though at first I thought we did), but we think it is one of a set of seals Francis and Junius used. Also that they were Wedgewood's moulds. But we shall further inquire into the set and its maker. . . .

'But I have found another of the Junius seals used by Sir Philip in sealing a letter he wrote from Tunbridge Wells to Mr. Dubois, September 16, 1806. It is the only instance I find of any of the Junius seals used on any letter not to his wife. After the publication of facsimiles of the five seals in Woodfall's 1811 edition of Junius, I find no further use of any such seals by Sir Philip. This letter to Dubois was sold, at an auction of autographs, to a friend of mine, who made it known to me, and lent it me. But my friend did not know it was a Junius seal. When he sent me the letter of Sir Philip to Dubois I observed the impression at once.'

We thus find Sir Philip Francis using four of Junius's seals, and how he came to do this, unless he were himself Junius, it would be very hard to explain—at least, to me it is so hard as to be inexplicable.

Had Mr. Parkes lived to complete his task, this discovery (the full credit of which belongs to him) would have been brought pre-eminently forward, as it was one to which he, naturally enough, attached the greatest importance. It has been left to me to bring it forward, and to add it to all the other direct and indirect cumulative testimony, thus supplying such a strong and complete chain of evidence as must perforce, and in the nature of things, carry conviction to every open mind, and virtually settle this long-pending controversy for ever.

I should now like to add a few words from

myself respecting the character of my distinguished ancestor. With all his faults, which I have not striven to extenuate, I greatly admire him for his courage, his integrity, and his maintenance of a high standard of constitutional principles; for his love of liberty and hatred of oppression in every form. I admire him, too, for that union of ready wit and varied knowledge, sometimes enlivened by sallies of grotesque humour, but more frequently softened by a certain courtly grace, in addressing the fair sex, which made him a leader in conversation and a power in society.

The influences which surround us in these days of diffused knowledge and restless activity tend, no doubt, to produce similarity, if not equality, between man and man. With some striking and notorious exceptions we see few men markedly distinguished by tone, phrase, and bearing from the generality of the class to which they belong. There is a conventional standard in these matters, which all English gentlemen now approach, though from different sides. It was happy for my grandfather that he lived in a time when originality was pardonable, and the manners expressed the man. Probably he never could have subdued his vehemence of gesture and toned down his energetic phrase to suit the decorous indifference, the guarded generalities, of modern conversation; certainly he could not have done so without losing much of what marked him even in an age of remarkable men. He spoke as he thought,

without fear and without disguise, and his movements indicated the emotions that stirred him.

Several portraits, taken at various periods of his life, remain to attest the fine form of his head and the classical chiselling of his features. A phrenologist would have especially admired the type of the ear, which was small, delicately moulded, and set far back. His figure was tall, erect, and well proportioned, but with no remarkable muscular development. His whole mien and carriage were calculated to attract notice in any circle and under any circumstances, yet it might be said that both face and figure were but half seen in repose. When his feelings were deeply stirred, every feature, every gesture, spoke. Even later in life his colour would rise, his lip quiver, his eyes seem to flash fire. Pacing rapidly forward, as if to pursue a thought, he would suddenly turn short round, draw himself up to his full height, and, 'with a sweeping of the arm,' evolve some epigrammatic sentence or well-rounded quotation. Even his own family, habituated as they were to these sudden interruptions of the measured tread with which he loved to pace up and down the utmost length that a suite of rooms would allow him, were sometimes startled by the vehemence of the outbreak; and strangers were absolutely electrified. A near relative of Lady Francis has frequently related to me the circumstances under which she had first heard one of these forcible soliloquies. A passage from Junius had been cited in support of some political view. He

caught it up, illustrated it, capped it by a fresh quotation from the same source, and finally summed up his energetic approval in these words, delivered *ore rotundo*:

'And thus it always is with the asserter of great principles—

> 'Howe'er by Folly or by Faction cross'd,
> He finds the gen'rous labour was not lost;
> Enjoys the honours destined to his name,
> And lives *instanter* in his future fame.'

'I had never before,' said his hearer (of whose presence, by-the-by, he seemed utterly regardless while thus declaiming), 'suspected his connection with *Junius*. I never afterwards doubted it.'

It would not unfrequently happen that the eye was but little aided by the ear in tracing the course of his feelings. Indignation would at times seem almost to master his utterance. For betrayed confidence or violated friendship he had burning words of reprehension on paper; but his spoken comment scarcely got beyond a single word, muttered as if to himself, with clenched fist and knitted brow, 'Base, base! He, too, the hound!' In truth, the superfluous strength of phrase which he would employ on ordinary occasions with a view to burlesque diminished his resources for invective, and without the aid of tone and gesture he must often have been misunderstood. What Coleridge terms 'words of unmeant bitterness' were with him frequent endearments. 'What!' he would exclaim, when told by

his eldest daughter that the little ones had been rather noisy, 'What! do they rebel? Those green dragons, those sucking furies, do they rebel?' On receiving a visit from his grandchildren, his first sentence was generally addressed to the servant, 'Bring chocolate; young ravens must be fed.'[1] No matter what their sex, his young relatives were never 'pets,' or 'darlings,' or 'loves'; he kept aloof from the dove-and-duckling school of phrase, and his approval of an amiable and intelligent little girl reached its climax when he called her 'an honest fellow.' Much of this was mere whim in earlier life, and unconsciously became a set habit. But it was doubtless also connected with his intense hatred for any indirectness of expression, which he regarded as a sign of moral weakness. Not only would he stand out for a plain 'Yes' when answered with a tedious 'Unquestionably,' but even the monosyllable must not be drawled. 'Ya-a-s—what's that? Say "Yes," like a man.' So no man was less tolerant of a tedious or blundering story. An intimate acquaintance, in speaking of a lady then about to be married, made this singular *lapsus linguæ*: 'Now, you see, Sir Philip, Coke of Holkham is her aunt.' 'What, sir?' 'Coke of Holkham, you know, is her aunt.' The repeated

[1] I well remember the serio-comic emphasis of this order, though heard long before my promotion to a jacket. I would frequently in childhood resort to Sir Philip for comfort when I imagined myself ill-treated by the nursery authorities, and always felt a vague satisfaction at the sonorous threat, backed by the flourish of a ponderous stick, 'Bring them to me, and I'll *contund* them all!'

blunder irritated more than it amused him. 'Do I understand you to affirm, sir, that Coke of Holkham is her aunt?' 'To be sure, I do.' 'Then, sir, I wish you a good-morning.' And without a word of explanation he hurried away from the bewildered narrator.

I have already observed that his eccentricities of language and tone increased with his years. On one occasion, in spite of his habitual deference to the fair sex, he was even betrayed by it into a shocking rudeness. Handing Lady —— down to supper in the Bath Assembly Rooms, he was unluckily struck by the size of her hand, and his daughter, some yards behind, was horrified by hearing him, in what he intended for a whispered 'aside' to a friend, distinctly utter the words, 'Gods! what a fist!' To complete the absurdity, he had, during the evening, been making himself particularly agreeable to the lady in question. I have been told that she afterwards pardoned the unconscious offence—an instance of magnanimity barely credible.

In point of dress, Sir Philip was of the old school, and objected much to anything like a 'free-and-easy' style of costume. Boots and trousers in a drawing-room were an abomination to him. His own dress, late in his life, was often fairly open to criticism. It was very difficult to make him believe that a coat which had seen long service ought to be cashiered, and he would uphold the merits of such a garment in a manner which was alternately the amusement and the despair of his family. Occasionally he would

make an elaborate toilette 'pour les beaux yeux' of some lady whom he especially admired, but a relapse soon followed. This was one instance of a penuriousness in trifles, either real or affected, which seemed to grow upon him. He had, indeed, sometimes found amusement in little acts of eccentric parsimony long before anything like a habit could be traced. For instance, on one occasion, having gone to visit his two youngest daughters at a school kept by two worthy, but, in his opinion, not very profound, ladies, he seemed bent on a general mystification. After running on for a long time in a strain of energetic nonsense which perfectly confounded the governesses, he took out sixpence, and presenting it to his daughters, desired them 'to divide it between them, like honest fellows!' In a like spirit he would often stoop suddenly down, and, exclaiming 'Here's a fine pin!' present the implement with an air of mock exultation to some lady of the party. But no doubt in his later years he grew earnest in some petty savings. Though neither begging letters, nor advertisements by post, had then attained their full development, he had a great horror of paying twopence for a printed circular, and would sometimes give stringent orders to exclude any suspicious document. On one occasion the rejected letter contained the announcement that he had obtained a slice of a new loan, to the amount of 10,000*l*. His friend, Mr. Angerstein,[1]

[1] A member of a great Russian house, best known as the connoisseur whose collection formed the nucleus of the National Gallery.

drove up to the door in the course of the same afternoon, bringing back the golden tidings which had been returned on his hands, with the civil truism that 'he supposed there had been some mistake.' Sir Philip's confidential servant, Yarrow,[1] refused, however, to be made the scapegoat, declaring that, after the warning he had received on the subject, it would have been 'as much as his place was worth' to take the circular from the postman. 'I had frequently,' said his daughter, in describing the scene, 'seen my father blush, but when we brought this home to him he absolutely crimsoned.' However, he sat down and dashed off a note of apology in his best style. But in general he rather affected than disclaimed a systematic economy. On one occasion, in a large company, he enunciated, as the most valuable result of a life's experience, the following pithy sentence: 'Never give, never lend, never pay anything to anybody on any account.'

But it must not be supposed that he shrank from giving. On the contrary, after access to various

[1] The final parting between the faithful servant and his master was a singular instance of romance in real life. One evening, on Sir Philip's return from the House, Yarrow, now old, and rarely quitting the porter's chair in the hall, encountered his master with a face of portentous length. He must quit him that *night*! This resolution, quite a sudden one, was prompted by what he termed 'conjugal aversion.' Thirty years before that time his wife and he had deliberately parted company in India. 'And now,' said poor Yarrow, 'she has found me out, and proposes that we should live together. She is coming to me again to-morrow afternoon, and I'm determined she shan't find me.' Nothing could shake his purpose, and at cock-crow next day he departed—he would not even say whither.

records of his expenditure from his youth up, I can affirm that to his family and friends he was singularly open-handed, and was readily moved by a tale of distress from any quarter. But he would give in his own way. Late in life he used to look in the newspaper for reports of fires in the Metropolis, and drive to the spot with a well-stocked purse, which he was sure to bring home empty. 'Don't talk to me,' he would say on any expostulation; 'these poor people have lost everything.' His taste for this sort of giving grew with his years, and, in fact, his real kindness of heart became more conspicuous and his oddities of manner grew incorrigible. He learned to judge of actions mildly, and, to use his own language, 'was just learning how to live in the world when it was time for him to leave it.' He sometimes alarmed his friends (and few had more) and often startled them; but even the most nervous loved more than they dreaded him.

And one of the most honourable actions of his life still remains to be recorded. Briefly, he resigned the inheritance of a fine West Indian estate rather than withdraw a Bill which he had introduced for the improving the position of West Indian slaves. The wealthy connection who had destined the property for him wrote to warn him that if he pressed his measure it would be otherwise disposed of. He had in the meantime learned that he would not have the support which he had hoped for from Mr. Pitt. But he brought the threatening

letter into the House, pressed his Bill to inevitable defeat, and lost an inheritance which would have doubled his income. When it is remembered that he had a large family and means barely sufficient to maintain his high social position, and that he was by no means careless in money matters, but attached the highest value to complete pecuniary independence, surely the pride which supported him under such a sacrifice was that of a high-minded gentleman, true to duty and honour.

With a multitude of traits at my disposal for the illustration of the powerful and peculiar character with which I am dealing, I cannot content myself either as to the selection or the mode of narrating. To conclude with a well-chosen example is more desirable than easy. The following, however, is at least highly characteristic, and was communicated by the only witness of the scene, on whom it had evidently made a deep impression. 'Late one night,' said the narrator (a medical man in Kent, who recalled the facts in extreme old age), 'I was summoned to Hothfield, to see a gentleman there who was suddenly taken ill. I arrived long after midnight, when Lord Thanet and his other guests were in bed, and was shown into Sir Philip Francis's sleeping-room. To my astonishment, I found my patient in full dress, and, though evidently in severe pain, striding rapidly up and down the room. Scarcely waiting for me to feel his pulse or inquire as to his symptoms, he broke out thus: "Well, Mr. ——, what do you think

of it? I know I am very ill; if you think I am going to die, tell me so at once. I can't die here; it's impossible. So, if you can't do anything for me, I'll order horses directly, post up to town, settle my papers, see Dr. Warren, and die like a gentleman!"'

But I must not lose myself among family traditions, memories that are but echoes of other memories long silent. The task which I undertook has, I think, been sufficiently performed. I have proved by a narrative of facts within my own knowledge and by documents long in my own possession that Philip Francis was Junius. To this proof I have added my own views—*valeant quantum*—as to the persons who at different periods knew or suspected his connection with the Letters, and the causes which for many years availed to baffle or stifle inquiry into their authorship. Beyond this I do not wish to go. It is impossible for me to be indifferent to what may be urged in his praise or dispraise, almost impossible to hold the balance evenly in weighing his merits and demerits. Thus much, however, I may venture to say, that his views on many great questions were in advance of his time and were generally of a large and liberal character; that he was the sworn enemy of despotic or irresponsible power, and gave his hearty sympathy to the wronged and oppressed. His errors brought their own punishment; his services to his party and to his country met with slight and casual acknowledgment, and but a shadow of requital.

Even apart from this personal experience he would assuredly have admitted that—

> 'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
> Nor in the glistering foil
> Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies.'

Yet I trust he will not be forgotten among those who have fought valiantly for constitutional liberty and for the rights of the people. When I look at the mighty political and social changes which have taken place since his death, I see that they have been mainly in directions which he was among the first to indicate. Those formal readers of history who recognise no agencies but those of kings, ministers, and commanders-in-chief, may ignore his work, but a more thoughtful few will trace the influence of his vigorous and original mind in many departments of progress. And our vaunted education will have done little to elevate the 'sons of toil' if they fail to honour the memory of one who never fawned on the mob, yet never flinched from upholding the right of the humblest subject of the British Crown to liberty and just government.

H. R. Francis.

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They directed her Eye, they pointed the Dart,
And have taught her a dangerous Skill:
For, whether She aims at h[illegible]ad, or the Heart,
She can wound, if She p[illegible], or kill.

Facsimile of the Bath Verses copied in Tilghman's hand and sent to Miss Giles.

1.

When Nature has happily finish'd her Part,
There is Work enough left for the Graces;
'Tis harder to { We adm } than to conquer the Hearts
{ forget pretty Faces.

2.

In the School of the Graces, by Venus attended,
Belinda improves every Hour;
They tell her that Beauty itself may be { mended,
And shew her the Use of her Pow'r.

3.

They alone have instructed the fortunate Maid,
In Motion, in Speech, & Address.—
They gave her that wonderful Smile to persuade
And the Language of Looks to express.

Facsimile of the Bath Verses copied in Tilghman's hand and sent to Miss Giles.

1

When Nature has happily finish'd her Part,
There is Work enough left for the Graces;
'Tis harder to { form } than to conquer the Hearts
{ We adm } forget pretty Faces.

2.

In the School of the Graces, by Venus attended,
Belinda improves every Hour;
They tell her that Beauty itself may be { mended },
And shew her the Use of her Pow'r.

3.

They alone have instructed the fortunate Maid,
In Motion, in Speech, & Address:—
They gave her that wonderful Smile to pervade
And the Language of Looks to express.

They directed her Eye, they pointed the Dart,
And have taught her a dangerous Skill:
For, whether She aims at H[illegible]ad, or the Heart,
She can wound, if She p[illegible], or kill.

Facsimile of the Bath Verses in Sir Philip Francis' hand, sent by him to Miss Watkins as one of three specimens of his own youthful rhymes.

When Nature has happily finished her Part,
There is Work enough left for the Graces;—
'Tis harder to keep, than to conquer the Heart,—
We admire, and forget pretty Faces.

2.

In the School of the Graces, by Venus attended,
Belinda improves every Hour;—
They tell her that Beauty itself may be mended,
And shew her the Use of her Power.

3.

They alone have instructed the Fortunate Maid,
In Motion, in Speech, & Address;
They gave her that wonderfull Smile to persuade
And the Language of Looks to express.

4

They directed her Eye, they pointed the Dart,
And have taught her a dangerous Skill.
For, whether She aims at the head or the Heart
She can wound, if She pleases, or kill.

Facsimile of the envelope which enclosed the Bath Verses, and was at once recognised by the younger Woodfall as written in the feigned hand of Junius.

of Verses

The inclosed Paper was found this
Morning by Accident: The Person who found
them, not knowing to whom they belong,
is obliged to trust to his own Judgement,
and takes for granted that they
could only be meant for Miss Giles.

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